Vol. VI. Numb. 60

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Country-man's *Application to one of his old Maſter's Friends, to continue the* Obſervator *with the ſame Number and Volume. The Gentleman agrees to it, on Condition, that the* Country-man *avoids Perſonal Reflections, and expects no Party-Lectures; but only a Defence of the Conſtitution according to* Magna Charta, &c. *And Obſervations on publick Occurrences, without ſcurrilous Language. Mr.* Tutchin's *Character. Reflections on the* French *Ambaſſador's Memorial to the Council of* Neufchattel.

From **Wednesday**, September 24. to **Saturday**, September 27. 1707.

Country-m. SIR, I am come to you with bad News; and I am afraid with an unacceptable Meſſage.

Gent. What's the News, *Roger?*

Country-m. Why, Sir, my old Friend and Maſter, Captain *Tutchin*, is dead.

Gent. I am truly ſorry for it, *Roger*; but our Days are number'd; we muſt all return to our original Duſt, when God commands it.

Country-m. True, Sir; but it grieves me to the Heart, that after all his good Services to his Country, he ſhould have been murder'd at laſt.

Gent. He deſerv'd better, *Roger.*

Country-m. Aye, Sir, that he did; had I been with him when the Aſſaſſins fell upon him, I would have try'd a Game at Cudgels with them, and have ſeen whoſe Oaken Towel had been beſt; or could he have come at his Sword or Cane, the Murderers would not have eſcaped Scot-free; but that grieves me, Sir, that the Rogues ſhould all get off.

Gent. Vengeance will purſue them, *Roger*, and overtake them too in due Time.

Country-m. I hope ſo, Sir; but now I muſt beg of you to hear my Meſſage.

Gent. What is it, *Roger?* And from whom?

Country-m. It's from my dear old Maſter and my ſelf, Sir. On his Death-bed he deſir'd of me, as his laſt Requeſt, that I would apply my ſelf to you, who, he ſaid, was the fitteſt Perſon he knew, to continue the *Obſervator*, in Defence of the old *Engliſh* Liberties, for which he had loſt his Life.

Gent. How, *Roger!* Would you have me murder'd too?

Country-m. God vorbid, Sir! I hope there's no Fear of that?

Gent. No Fear, *Roger!* How often was King *William* in Danger by Aſſaſſins? And if Kings be in Danger, how can any private Man, who ſtands up for the ſame Cauſe, be ſafe?

Country-m. Why, Sir, tho' it has been my Maſter's hard Fate, God be thank'd, they han't been able to murder all true *Engliſh*-men, nor never ſhall. I took you to have been a Gentleman of truer *Engliſh* Courage, than to be frighten'd from ſerving your Country, becauſe ſome have loſt their Lives in the Cauſe. If all Men be ſo cautious, our Conſtitution will be run down by all the Scriblers in the Nation. Beſides, Sir, King *William*, who was ſo often in Danger, was preſerv'd by God, to viniſh, in a good Meaſure, what he had begun: I mean, in my plain Country Way of ſpeaking, 'till he had chas'd away one Papiſh Succeſſor, and ſecur'd us by Law, againſt ere having another Papiſh to wear our Crown; and God has not only preſerv'd her preſent Majeſty, who was in Danger of Poyſon, or a Stab by the Papiſhes when ſhe was forc'd to go from her Father's Court, but he alſo preſerv'd moſt of thoſe who were the main Inſtruments under his late Majeſty, and her preſent Majeſty, of clearing the Land of the Papiſhi and other Varmind that crawl'd about, and croak'd in our Court, our Church, our Army, and Varſities: Then why ſhould you deſpair of his preſerving you, Sir?

Gent. You argue very well, *Roger*; but there's others of your old Maſter's Friends, fitter than I; go to ſome of them.

Country-m. No, Sir; I know that my old Maſter had as good Hints from you, as ever he had from any Man; I have all your Letters, Sir, and am very certain, that had he follow'd your Directions more than he did, he needed not have vall'n into half the Trouble he met with. You know our plain Country Zaying, *Fore-warn'd, fore-am'd*; I hope you'll take more Care of your ſelf, and never be without your Sword, and a Pair of Piſtols in your Pocket, when you go Abroad; and I aſſure you, Sir, *Roger* will always wait upon you, with a luſty Oaken Towel. Come, Sir, *There's my old Maſter's Papers and Notes that he bequeath'd you, where you will find very good Hints and Directions from others, as well as from your ſelf.*

Gent. Roger, you have been ſo long at the Imployment, that I think you had beſt do it your ſelf, and take *Joan* for your Partner, as *Ralph*, the Cobler of *Glouceſter*, took his Wife.

Country-m. Don't banter, Sir; tho' I have got a little Loſophy, Divinity, and Politicks, by ſerving my old Maſter, I know better how to buy and ſell Cows and Corn, and to handle an Oaken Towel, than to handle a Pen. But I tell you what, Sir, I'll bring you all the Papers from Town, and all the News I hear at Market; and what the Jacks and Tackers ſay in Taverns and Coffee-houſes, and the Libels they write againſt the Government; and if you'll let me ſpend my Country Vardict now and then upon a Subject, Sir, I'll ſay the beſt I can.

Gent. Well, *Roger*, rather than have you tell it about, that I have not Courage to write againſt the Enemies of our Conſtitution, I'll undertake it; but on Condition, *Roger*, that you be mannerly and modeſt, and that you don't expect any Perſonal Reflections, or Par-

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ty-Lectures from me; for I will be of no Party or Side, but that of our Conſtitution, according to *Magna Charta*, our Claim of Right, and the Proteſtant Succeſſion, as by Law eſtabliſh'd on the Houſe of *Hannover*; for whoever is for thoſe Things, call them by what Name you will, ſhall always be eſteem'd honeſt Men by me; and whatever Party or Perſon is not, call them Saints and Angels if you pleaſe, I can never have a good Opinion of them.

Country-m. I agree to your Terms, Sir; but you muſt not tie me up too hard; I love to call a Spade a Spade, and to ſpeak in my own Phraſe, that the honeſt Volks of the Country may underſtand me. You cannot expect that I ſhould ſpeak like the Men that wear Iron-bound Hats, and Wigs as long as my Mare's Tail.

Gent. No, *Roger*; but you muſt avoid all ſcurrilous Expreſſions, and bring me no Stories of particular Perſons that don't relate to our Subject; tho' I ſhall be as ready to expoſe ſuch as live in open and avow'd Defiance to the Laws of God and the Land, as you can be; but be ſure, that whatever you bring me, be Fact.

Country-m. I'll follow your Advice, Sir; but muſt deſire you to begin with my old Maſter's Character, for you ſee here how he is abus'd already by ſham Elegies, and otherwiſe; and hence forward allow me to call you Maſter *Obſervator*.

Gent. Call me what you pleaſe, *Roger*: Your old Maſter's Character may be given in a few Words; to wit, *That he liv'd and dy'd for the Service of his Country*. And, *Roger*, were I to live as long as *Methuſelah*, I would not deſire a better or a greater Character at my Death. As to thoſe ſcurrilous Libels upon a Man when he's dead, no Man of Worth regards 'em; they are no more than the Inſuls of a living Aſs, over a dead Lion.

Country-m. I muſt beg one Thing more, Sir; and that is, to ſpeak to your Acquaintance, who are Friends to our Conſtitution, that they would do ſomething for the poor Widow and Children.

Obſ. I will, *Roger*; for I think it a Debt may juſtly be demanded of them, and that they don't anſwer their Character, if they refuſe it.

Country-m. Now, Maſter, let's fall to our Buſineſs: Pray give me your Opinion of the *French* Ambaſſador's huffing Memorial to the Council of *Neufchattel*, wherein he rails upon the King of *Pruſſia*'s Miniſter, and upon our Queen's Miniſter too, for Invectives againſt the ſacred Perſon of his Maſter, he ſays.

Obſ. *Roger*, the beſt Invectives againſt the *French* King, are Powder and Ball, and ſharp Swords; but it's our Misfortune, that we have been forc'd to keep ours in the Scabbard all this Campaign. For Powder and Ball, he has had a pretty good Share; but I am ſorry that our Fleet was ſo far from our own Magazines, otherwiſe he might have had more on't. I am afraid, *Roger*, if we don't fall upon a Way to attack him nearer Home, we may be ſtill liable to the like Inconveniencies; but of this more another Time. For his Ambaſſador's Memorial, it's of a Piece with the reſt of the *French* King's Conduct: He would extend his Tyranny over the whole World, if he could: He not only huffs the ſmall Principality of *Neufchattel* in this Memorial, but two of the greateſt Sovereigns in the World, the Emperor and our Queen, and one of the greateſt Princes of the *Empire*, the King of *Pruſſia*. I don't know, *Roger*, why the Emperor may not give the Title of King, to any Prince of the *Empire*, with Conſent of the Diet, and therefore, his reflecting upon giving that Title to the Elector of *Brandenburg*, is an Impeachment of the Emperor's Authority and Adminiſtration at Home, which it's hop'd, the Emperor will reſent; but he might be better able to do it, if his Subjects of *Hungary* had ſuch Parts of their old Conſtitution reſtor'd them as would make them eaſy, and return to their Obedience. But *Jeſuitical* Councils are always againſt Liberty and Property, and the Peace of the Countries where they are follow'd, and will ever be againſt reducing of *France* to Reaſon.

Country-m. Then, Maſter, why ſhould not the Proteſtant Allies, plainly tell their Papiſh Confederates, that if the Advice of the *Jeſuits* muſt be follow'd before theirs, and that if the under-hand Sollicitation of thoſe Locuſts be more regarded than their open Advice and Mediation, that they will take other Meaſures?

Obſ. You are too haſty, *Roger*, to be a Politician: All in good Time.

Country-m. I think 19 or 20 Years a very good Time, Maſter. I remember the Treaty of *Reſwick*, and how, by the Tricks of Popiſh Plenipotentiaries from the late Emperor, the Proteſtants in *Montbeliard*, and other Parts of the *Empire*, were turn'd out of 8 or 900 Churches. I have no Patience to think on't, Maſter, that they who owe ſo much to Proteſtant Powers, ſhould be ſo ungrateful as to oppreſs Proteſtants, when it's by their Money and Blood they are kept on their Thrones.

Advertiſements.

This Day is publiſh'd,

*** An Elegy on Mr. John Tutchin, Author of the Obſervator, who departed this Life on Tueſday the 23d of this Inſtant September, 1707. in the 44th Year of his Age. Sold by B. Bragge in Pater-Noſter-Row. Price 1d.

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Theſe are to give Notice,

*** That *Mary Kirleus*, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate Phyſician of *London*, and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Perſon that ſells (exactly perpar'd) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is eminently experienc'd to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leproſies, Venereal and *French* Diſeaſe, Running of the Reins, and all ſuch Malignities, tho' never ſo inveterate, in all Conſtitutions, at all Seaſons of the Year, hindering no buſineſs, without Fluxing or the Uſe of *Mercury*, which is generally deſtructive. Theſe Medicines are truly and faithfully prepar'd, as directed by her Huſband, and as made and deliver'd to his patients by her in his Life-time, (they being the only perſons then that ſold it, and to whom the ſecret was ever imparted.) Therefore beware of ſeveral late ignorant Pretenders, for ſhe is the only perſon that knows the Doctor's Methods of curing, which ſhe practiſes with great ſucceſs, as has been ſeveral Times mention'd in the *Gazette*. She cures many after Fluxing, compaſſionates the Diſtreſs'd, and deals with all perſons according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pills 1 *s.* the Box, with Directions; ſhe gives Advice *gratis*. ☞ She is remov'd from the *Glaſs Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden Ball* in *Hand-Court*, over-againſt *Great Turn-Stile*, in *Holborn*.

*** Any Gentleman, who us'd to ſend Notice of Things formerly to Mr. Tutchin, from the Country, are deſir'd now to direct them to Mr. Bragge in Pater-Noſter-Row, for the Obſervator.

*** If any Perſon has any Occaſion to ſend to Mrs. Tutchin, they are deſir'd to direct to her at her Houſe in Hollands Leagre, near the Faulkon, in Southwark.

LONDON, Printed for the Uſe of the Widow of the late Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.